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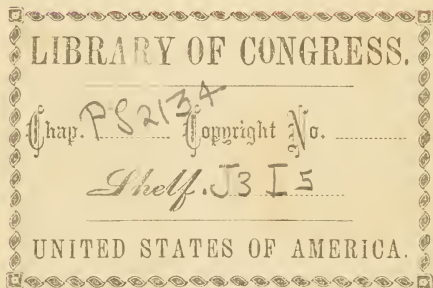
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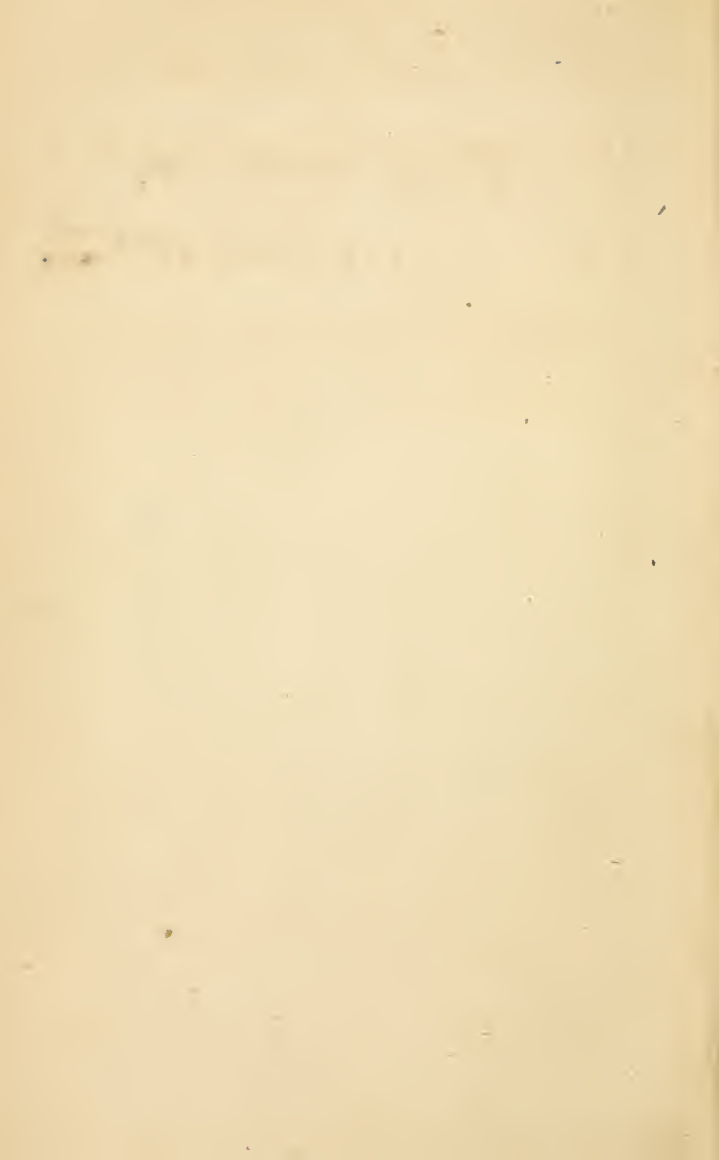
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INKLINGS OF SONG:

A

MEMENTO OF MY LEISURE HOURS.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY C. JILLSON.
..

No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse.

Robert Bloomfield.

WORCESTER:
FREDERICK M. STOWELL.
1851.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851,
By FREDERICK M. STOWELL,
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199 Main street.

DEDICATION.



To the first Unnest Man

Who may chance to cast his eye upon this Book, the following
pages are respectfully inscribed, by

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE READER.



The following pages were written during my leisure hours, while those of my own age were *pretending* to enjoy the charms of the social circle, or spending their time to no purpose at some place of amusement.

Although I have been ridiculed for spending so much of my time alone, I now feel proud to say that I am not unwilling to compare the result of my spare moments with that of any of my early associates.

During the time which I have spent in writing this little volume I have met with all sorts of

opposition, and it has often seemed that the waves of adversity would finally triumph. Notwithstanding all this I have been enabled, by the assistance of a friend, to place the work before you, kind reader, and only ask that it may receive the approbation which it justly merits.

C. J.

Pine Grove Cottage, }
Worcester, Oct. 1851. }

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.



The title of this little volume may attract the eye of the reader as being something new, but he must consider, that in this age of the world, there is “nothing new under the sun.”

That there is much in a name we freely admit, but that *substance* is better adapted to satisfy the desires of the thoughtful and considerate, none will question.

Fiction excites the passions, but that kind of literature which is established on the broad basis of truth is the best food for the mind, even if it appears in the soft strains of the poet's lyre, des-

cribing the emotions of the heart in the hour of meditation ; painting in bright colors the chequered scenes of life, interspersed with hope and disappointment, prosperity and sadness. From youth to age, truthful poetry is ever welcome to him who possesses a highly cultivated intellect, and when our pilgrimage on earth is drawing to a close, it will even then impart consolation to the immortal spirit, and light up its pathway to the untried future.

Poetry adds lustre to that which is already beautiful, and inspires within the bosom feelings which lead the mind from "Nature up to Nature's God."

An ardent desire to promote the welfare of a young author has alone induced us to aid in bringing this book before the public ; and we trust that the reader, as he glances over these pages, will meet with many a sentiment to which his own heart will respond with fond emotion.

CONTENTS .



	Page.
The lonely Maiden, - - - - -	13
Observation, - - - - -	18
My Childhood's Home, - - - - -	21
Love's Spring outlasts the Year, - - - - -	23
The Stream of Life, - - - - -	26
National Ode, - - - - -	28
Summer Flowers, - - - - -	30
The Bell of the Revolution, - - - - -	32
The Lover's Farewell, - - - - -	34
The Rose of Sadaga, - - - - -	36
The Stars, - - - - -	38
Lines, - - - - -	40
I will remember Thee, - - - - -	43
Lines, - - - - -	44
Moonlight on the Sea, - - - - -	46
Song of the Exile, - - - - -	48

The Winds of Autumn,	- - - - -	50
Crazy Joe,	- - - - -	51
The Daguerreotype,	- - - - -	54
Thoughts,	- - - - -	56
Twilight,	- - - - -	58
The Earth is full of Woe,	- - - - -	60
She has gone,	- - - - -	62
Enterprise,	- - - - -	64
The Convict's Song,	- - - - -	66
Mount Auburn,	- - - - -	69
Faint Not,	- - - - -	71
My Anna,	- - - - -	73
April,	- - - - -	74
To an Italian Emigrant,	- - - - -	75
I once had a Friend,	- - - - -	76
Wilt thou be true to me,	- - - - -	78
Moonlight,	- - - - -	80
The Dawn of the New Year,	- - - - -	82
My hair is growing grey,	- - - - -	84
Truth,	- - - - -	86
My Sister's Grave,	- - - - -	88
Where I last strayed with thee,	- - - - -	91
Think not of me,	- - - - -	93
The last moments of a Drunkard,	- - - - -	95
The Lover's Appeal,	- - - - -	97
Sing to Me,	- - - - -	99
No power can chain the Mind,	- - - - -	107
The Caged Bird,	- - - - -	109

Be Kind, - - - - -	111
The Maniac's Song, - - - - -	113
My Early Home, - - - - -	115
What I love, - - - - -	117
Lines, - - - - -	119
All are False, - - - - -	121
Be not discouraged, - - - - -	123
The Exile's Lament, - - - - -	125
I'll think of Thee, - - - - -	127
The Little Rill, - - - - -	129
To a Friend in Rome, - - - - -	131
Memory, - - - - -	133
Stanzas to Deerfield River, - - - - -	125
Winter, - - - - -	136
February, - - - - -	138
To the first Bird of Spring, - - - - -	139
A Summer's Evening, - - - - -	140
Beware of Rum, - - - - -	142
Early Friends, - - - - -	143
Smiles, - - - - -	145
To the Memory of M. A. S. - - - - -	147
To a River, - - - - -	149
Lines, - - - - -	150
To a Friend, - - - - -	152
Stanzas, - - - - -	154
Love, - - - - -	155
The Drunkard, - - - - -	157
A True Friend, - - - - -	159



INKLINGS OF SONG.

THE LONELY MAIDEN.

—:—

On a bright and golden morning,
In the starry month of June ;
When the birds had raised their voices,
And all Nature seemed in tune ;
I had strayed beside a river,
Far away from noise and strife —
Far from those whose minds are ever
Chained to scenes of busy life.

Through the dark and lofty branches
That o'erhung the restless stream,
Bright and sparkling rays were dancing,
Like gay fairies in a dream.

There I spied a lonely maiden,
Far away from Fashion's throng;
And her brow was marked with sadness
As she sung her fav'rite song:

“My years are swiftly passing,
Passing far away;
Draw near my friends and listen,
Listen to my lay.

“Two years ago a lovely,
Lovely being came,
And told me of affection,
Affection's holy flame.

He told me time could never,
Never him estrange;
Nor even make the slightest,
Slightest seeming change.

We spent sweet hours together,
Together often strayed;
And e'en at noonday wandered,
Wandered 'neath the shade.

“We culled the fairest flowers,
Flowers that bloomed in Spring ;
And listened to the songsters,
Songsters on the wing.

“We strayed ’mong blushing roses,
Roses fresh and new,
While moonbeams bright were sparkling,
Sparkling on the dew.

“I little thought of future,
Future joy or woe ;
For all seemed very pleasant,
Pleasant here below.

“I had no thoughts of sorrow,
Sorrow dark and wild ;
But love was near me smiling,
Smiling like a child.

“But soon the spell was broken,
Broken forever ;
That hour will be forgotten,
Forgotten never.

“ O’er him I fondly cherished,
Cherished e’er the same,
A cloud of dark and dismal,
Dismal sadness came.

“ His cheek was wet with tear-drops,
Tear-drops dimmed his eye ;
He told me he was willing,
Willing then to die.

“ His moments soon were ended,
Ended here below ;
And my sad heart was breaking,
Breaking then with woe.

“ And now I’m sad and lonely,
Lonely all the day ;
For him I loved is sleeping,
Sleeping far away.”

Thus I heard a lovely maiden
Sing her mournful song of woe,
While her bosom throbbed with sorrow
That no other heart can know.

Tears of grief were freely falling,
While I pondered o'er her theme ;—
Angel voices echoed round me —
I awoke —'twas all a dream.



OBSERVATION.



I love to muse, when all is still,
At midnight's lonely hour,
Beside the dark Coliseum's wall,
Or ivy-mantled tower;
Where honest hearts have throbbed to feel
The cup of bliss o'erflow,
Or stooped to shed grief's burning tear,
A thousand years ago.

I love to muse upon the brink
Of Ocean's mighty tide,
Where billows dash the rocky strand
With all their sovereign pride;

And with their sounding echo bring
Glad tidings o'er the sea,
Of men who long have bowed to kings;
Now saying, "*We are free.*"

I love to muse at parting day,
When scenes romantic please,
Beside some river's sheltering bank,
Among the forest trees;
Where flowers lie faded 'neath my feet,
And Nature sadly grieves,
To see the gems of Summer lie
'Mid Autumn's withered leaves.

But where I most delight to muse,
Is 'mid the noisy throng,
In some proud city o'er the sea,
Where kings and lords belong.
There, silently, I thread my way
Through streets and narrow lanes,
And bind the impulse of the crowd
With Observation's chains.

I there behold the rich, the poor,
The simple, and the wise,
All moving towards the vale of Death,
Where darkening shadows rise.
Each one is sure *his* way is clear,
But still would curse the rest,
And thus in turn they're all condemned,
And yet they all are *best*.

Ah! thousands live and never know
What causes all the strife
That even they are forced to feel
While journeying on through life.
Then let me say to one and all
Who love the Yankee nation,
That all you need to guide your feet
IS MENTAL OBSERVATION !



MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.



He who forgets the fountain from whence he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gambolled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart.

[ANON.]

Ah, well I remember the scenes of my childhood,
The places so dear that my infancy knew,
Where oft I have roamed on a bright summer
morning
When all seemed to glitter 'mid sunshine and dew.

Full well I remember the bright crystal fountain,
And the streamlet that flowed from its bosom
so pure,
As I paused on its banks, in the shade of the willow,
Away from the world, in that grotto secure.

The giant-armed oak that stood near to the forest,
Has made an impression that none can destroy ;
And when I refer to the home of my childhood,
The shade of the oak is the theme I enjoy.

Yes, there let me slumber when life has departed,
Beneath the green turf where my footsteps have
strayed,
Oh ! let the warm tear of affection fall lightly,
Above the cold grave where my ashes are laid.



LOVE'S SPRING OUTLASTS THE YEAR.



Ah ! tell me not that Love will fade
Like Summer's modest flower,
Nor wither 'mid Autumnal blasts,
Or Winter's darkest hour ;
Say not to me that Love will die,
Or vanish like a tear,
For I believe its charms will live,
And long outlast the year.

I know the Spring birds soon will go
To sunnier climes than these ;
I know their voices soon will cease
To echo 'mong the trees ;

But this will never show to me
That Love will disappear,
Or come and go like birds and flowers
That never last the year.

Gay Summer's charms will soon be o'er,
And all her beauties fled ;
The winds of Autumn soon will sigh
Above the violet's bed ;
The grass will wither on the plain,
And forest leaves grow sere ;
But Love will smile 'mid wind and storm,
And long outlast the year.

Go ask the maiden,—when at eve,
Upon the bended knee,
She prays that God may shield and save
Her lover on the sea,—
If she would ever dare to say,
Or entertain a fear,
That Love, like transient things of earth,
Would not outlast the year.

Go ask the mother,—when she weeps,
With anguish deep and wild,
As Death draws near with solemn pace,
To claim her only child,—
If she can throw aside her Love
For all on earth held dear,
And say the memory of her child
Shall not outlast the year.

Though clouds surround our pathway here,
And friends base traitors prove,
There's one bright star that never fades,
And that's unfaltering Love !
It often lights a modest smile,—
'Tis seen within a tear ;—
But oh !—I like the pleasant thought—
Love's Spring outlasts the year.



THE STREAM OF LIFE.

—:—

At Summer's evening hour
When all is still,
I roam through forest wild,
And o'er the hill.

I muse beside the stream
That gently flows
Through yonder vale,
To cull the rose.

There's music in its voice,
Music for me ;
I hear it moving on
To meet the sea.

When Autumn comes with cold
And chilly breath,
Bright flowers are clasped within
The arms of death.

One moment all is bright,
And fair, and gay ;
The next, Death comes, and claims
His willing prey.

A child is playing on
The cottage floor—
Years pass—and he is known
On earth no more.

Thus moves the stream of life,
With gentle sway ;
Yet bearing all on earth,
Far, far away.



NATIONAL ODE.



Welcome to each son of Freedom
Be the ever glorious morn,
When our fathers rose from thralldom
And proclaimed a nation born !
Let us not forget those sages,
Washington and Lafayette !
Oh ! their fame has proudly risen, —
Freemen ! let it never set !

Though our sky was once o'erclouded,
And Oppression's mighty hand
Had scathed the only spark of Freedom
That was struggling in our land,

Men who dared to brave the whirlwind
And defy Old Britain's pride,
Pledged their fortunes and their honor
By this nation to abide !

Oh ! ye sons of those brave heroes !
Ye whose hearts beat warm and free,
Come to-day and mingle with us —
'Tis our Country's jubilee !
Let the cannon's lofty sounding,
As it comes o'er hill and lea,
Tell in tones like distant thunder,
That Columbia still is FREE !

Let us then preserve her glory,
And her fame, howe'er sublime ;
Let her mem'ry e'er be with us
Till the latest hour of Time !
Let our voices proudly echo
While we sing of Freedom's birth,
And acknowledge this to be the
Greatest Nation on the earth !

July 4th, 1851.

SUMMER FLOWERS.



Summer flowers are blooming round me,
And the birds are singing free —
Making music in the meadow,
And upon the forest tree.

Mountain streamlets now are flowing
On to meet old ocean's tides,
Where the wealth of every nation
Safely o'er the water rides.

Oh! how beautiful is night-time!
And how swiftly pass the hours,
When the moon's pale beams are shining
On a perfect sea of flowers.

See the tall grain gently waving,
Neath the stir of summer air,
While the sunlight and the dew-drop
Mingle all their beauties there.

When dark sorrow hovers o'er me,
When I long for brighter hours,
Nought will make my heart feel lighter
Than to gaze on summer flowers.



THE BELL OF THE REVOLUTION.



This Bell, which gave the first intelligence of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, may be seen at the Old State House, in Philadelphia.

This ancient bell, with merry peal,
Proclaimed throughout the land,
That on Columbia's fruitful soil,
A strong, unyielding band
Had raised their voices, loud and high,
Against oppressive laws,
With firm resolve to spend their lives
In Freedom's holy cause.

Our fathers then had long been bound
By England's potent chain ;
Their suppliant voices ne'er were heard
Across the restless main ;
But when the Patriot's hand had raised
The starry banner high,
All Europe stooped to hear the voice,
WE WILL BE FREE OR DIE !



THE LOVER'S FAREWELL.



I have loved thee, gentle maiden,
Better far than words can tell ;
But the hour of death awaits me,
Dearest, hear my last farewell.

We shall roam no more at twilight,
Down the dark and shady dell ;
All those pleasant scenes are ended,
Dearest maiden, fare thee well.

We no more shall climb the hill-side,
When the spring-time breezes swell ;
We must part, oh ! part forever,
Dearest maiden, fare thee well.

Vows that we so fondly plighted—
Ties we bound so firm and well—
Now must be forever broken,
Dearest maiden, fare thee well.

Near my grave the rose shall blossom
Where the dead in silence dwell,
There, alone, thou'lt sadly wander,
Dearest maiden, fare thee well.



THE ROSE OF SADAGA.



In Whitingham, Vt., a small lake may be seen about a mile west of the central village, which adds much beauty to the surrounding scenery. Near this place an old Indian was formerly known to reside, by the name of Sadaga. The name of this lake was derived from that aged inhabitant of the wilderness.

Along Sadaga's lonely shore,
The wild rose blooms in beauty rare,
And calls the stranger from his path,
To gaze awhile — to linger there.

In former times around this spot
The savage foe in ambush lay ;
The war-song echoed o'er the hills,
With fearful sound, at close of day.

That scene is o'er — that voice is hushed —
No more the helpless captive cries ;
But flowers with vernal beauty smile
Around where ' Old Sadaga ' lies.

The woodman felled the lofty tree,
The ploughman turned the grassy sod,
And near that spot the village spire
In beauty points to heaven — to God.

Although Improvement's voice is heard
Along the vale, and o'er the hill,
The flower that bloomed in other days,
In all its beauty lingers still.

All else may fade — all else decay —
All else may find an early tomb,
And yet Sadaga's lovely rose
Will ever bloom, will ever bloom !



THE STARS.



Those brilliant stars, with glittering ray,
Like diamonds pure and bright,
Were made by Him who reigns above
To beautify the night.

When shades of darkness shroud the earth —
Then, fired with power divine,
Those fairy gems that stud the sky
In countless numbers shine.

Amid the forest's darkest shade,
Fanned by the evening breeze,
I love to see their bright rays dance
Among the lofty trees.

Oft by the silent pool I've strayed
When night-shades o'er me hung,
And gazed till Morpheus round my soul
His soothing mantle flung.

There have I watched the silvery train
That wanders through the sky,
And near that well-remembered spot
I hope at last to lie !



LINES

Suggested on returning to my native land at midnight, after an absence of many years.



Stars are shining brightly o'er me,
Shedding forth their brilliant light ;
Moonbeams gild the sparkling waters,
While I wander here at night.

Worldly pomp and human grandeur
Now are clasped in Morpheus' arms ;
But I, in loneliness, will wander,
Seeking night's sublimest charms.

Here beside this crystal streamlet
Where the sunny waters stray,
Let my thoughts go backward, tracing
Visions of a former day.

Let my thoughts turn back to childhood —
Sweetest hours of all our life !
Ere the heart was clogged by passion —
Ere the soul was chained with strife.

Here I roamed at day's glad dawning,
In the golden summer time ;
Here I gambolled on the hillside,
Where the noisy waters chime.

Near yon mill-stream oft I've wandered,
Listening to the busy saw —
Gazing on the wheel so lofty,
With a look of childish awe.

There the rose and daisy blossomed,
There the slender lily grew,
And on those mossy banks I saw
The brightest days my childhood knew.

There I saw dear May and Willie
Sporting near the tiny wave ;
But their voices now are silent,
They are sleeping in the grave.

Those I loved no more will meet me,
Ne'er I'll see that joyous band ;
None but strangers here will greet me,
E'en in this my native land.

Oh ! how vain are all things earthly,
And how soon they pass away ;
Flowers that brightest bloom around us
May not live a single day !



I WILL REMEMBER THEE.



Though howling storms may rise and sweep
Across life's troubled sea,
And darkening waves roll fiercely by,
I will remember thee.

The star of Hope may light my path,
And Fate's dark shadow flee ;
'Mid all the joys and smiles of life,
I will remember thee.

Sadness may steal across my brow
Like waves upon the sea,
But e'en amid those lonely hours,
I will remember thee !

LINES,

Suggested on seeing a rose in the midst of winter.



Why dost thou smile amid the storms
Of Winter's darkest gloom,
When winds are sighing o'er the hills,
And o'er gay Summer's tomb.

The flowers of May have ceased to bloom,
Their leaves are on the plain ;
But Autumn winds have changed their hue,
And made their fragrance vain.

The bleak winds sigh along the vale,
And o'er the snow-clad hill ;
But thou canst brave their sovereign blast,
And bloom in beauty still.

Ah! thou remind'st me of a friend,
With gentle heart, and true,
Whose smiles are bright amid life's storms
As sunshine on the dew.

Why dost thou smile amid the blasts
Of Winter's darkest gloom,
When winds are sighing o'er the hills,
And o'er gay Summer's tomb.



MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.



Among the many things that please
In this dark vale below,
Where thousands journey night and day
But know not where they go,
There's one that has peculiar charms —
Perhaps for none but me —
But still I prize it none the less,
'Tis moonlight on the sea.

I've roamed among the sunny hills
Where ancient shepherds strayed,
And gazed on flowers that sprung to life
In sunshine and in shade ;

But all the charms that Spring can claim
Are idle charms to me,
They cannot move my inmost soul
Like moonlight on the sea.

I know that some are pleased to hear
The maddening tempest rave,
While others seek some lonely spot
Where forests darkly wave ;
But these would ever fail to draw
One pleasant smile from me,
Because I love a milder scene—
'Tis moonlight on the sea.



SONG OF THE EXILE.



When shall I reach my native land
Far o'er the restless main ?
When shall I see my own blue hills
With all their charms again ?

When shall I greet my early friends,
By many a tie made dear,
And clasp once more a friendly hand,
Or shed affection's tear ?

Long have I roamed away from home,
Where all seems strange to me ;
No daisy grows in yonder field,
No rose-tree blooms for me.

No friends are here to lend their aid,
Or smile when I am sad ;
No sister's voice now greets my ear,
Or makes my lone heart glad.

I oft recall those pleasant scenes
My youth and childhood knéw,
And oft I think on that sad hour
When I bade Home adieu.



THE WINDS OF AUTUMN.



Autumnal winds are sighing
O'er hill and dale,—
With awe I pause to hear
Their mournful tale.

They tell us all is fading
In yonder bower,
Where Flora's hand has pressed
The vernal flower.

They tell us life is passing,
Like ocean's wave ;
That soon we'll quiet sleep,
Low in the grave.

CRAZY JOE.



When first I came to this fair land,
Some twenty years ago,
The people thought me half a fool,
And called me crazy Joe.

In those good days the honest poor
Stood not so very low ;
But all looked down on me, poor thing,
And called me crazy Joe.

'Twas not because I e'er refused
With decent folks to go,
But they were bound to have me named,
And called me crazy Joe.

At this I dared not make a "stir,"
Nor e'en resentment show ;
But let the people have their way,
And call me crazy Joe.

I know that I could never strut,
Or make a brilliant show ;
Like broadcloth dandies in the street,
Who call me crazy Joe.

I cannot dance or tune the harp
To strains both soft and low,
And that's a noble reason why
They call me crazy Joe.

It is because I am not like
Most people here below,
That thousands rise with one accord,
And call me crazy Joe.

If I would don the latest style,
And with base dandies go,
'Twould be a sin to laugh at me,
Or call me crazy Joe.

If I would wear a Sunday face,
Say yes, and still mean no,
There's none would ever notice me,
Or call me crazy Joe.

But I've resolved to be a man,
Come sorrow, grief or woe,
Regarding not those *precious* things,
Who call me crazy Joe.



THE DAGUERREOTYPE.



I love to gaze upon the form
That brings to mind those by-gone days,
When youthful ardor fired my brain
And poured its incense o'er my lays.

When I received this precious gift,
With trembling accents, from thy hand,
I saw the glit'ring tear-drop start,
And marked thy heaving breast expand.

Though many cheerless years have passed,
And many saddening scenes gone by,
I still retain this priceless boon,
That would with Io's beauty vie.

Thine eye is dim, thy cheek is pale,
That crimson flush returns no more ;
But this fair picture still retains
Each tint of beauty as before.

Time's busy hand will ne'er efface
That saint-like image pictured here,
Nor Memory e'er forget to trace
Thy loveliness, fair Ellenere.



THOUGHTS.



What though I toil from morn till night,
 Uncared for and unknown ;
What though I wend my way through life,
 Unaided and alone ;
I feel that He who rules above,
 And oft has blest the soil,
Will not disdain to own the man
 Whose hands are browned with toil.

I know that lords and men of rank,
 Call those who labor ‘ low,’
And ever spurn the ‘ dirty path’
 Where they are doomed to go ;

And yet they seem well pleased to live
On products of the soil,
While morbid conscience tells them plain
To scorn the man of toil.

Oh ! ye who live in stately halls,
Where wealth and fame are known,
Remember you may yet be poor,
Neglected and alone !
But oh ! remember this broad truth,
Ere others' faults you scan,
Your wealth may make a thousand fools,
BUT VIRTUE MAKES THE MAN !



TWILIGHT



Oh! the beauty of the twilight!

When the sun's last golden ray
Lingers on some cloud above me,
Just at close of Summer's day.

'Tis then I dearly love to wander
Where the winds blow fresh and free,
Down beside the dark blue waters,
Near the ever-sounding sea.

Hours of twilight — oh! how welcome —
Welcome to the man of toil,
Welcome to the honest farmer,
He who lives to till the soil.

Dear to me are hours of twilight,
When in foreign climes I roam,
Musing on bright scenes of childhood —
Scenes that ever tell of Home.

Welcome are sweet hours of twilight,
When the fire of youth burns low —
When our eyes grow dim with sadness,
And life's pulse are beating low.



THE EARTH IS FULL OF WOE.

—:—

Where'er we go, by night or day,
Among earth's richest lords,
Or in the menial's lowly tent
Where wealth brings not its hordes,
One truth is e'er before our eyes—
Say, is it truly so?—
That earth hath many seeming charms,
But still is full of woe!

The "upper ten" may boast of wealth,
Of titles, honor, fame;
Of lordly halls and costly domes,
Or some high-sounding name;

But all these worldly things will fail
When adverse breezes blow,
And haughty men will learn the fact
That earth is full of woe.

I know full well that happy hours
Will often lend their aid—
That summer flowers will bloom awhile
In every sunny glade ;
But Autumn's blasting breath will lay
The charms of Summer low,
And stamp this truth upon the soul—
The earth is full of woe !



SHE HAS GONE.



Alone in the vale, where the bleak winds are
sighing,

The friend of my bosom lies lifeless and cold ;
Her sorrows are over, her journey has ended,
And briefly and sadly her story is told.

Like the first rose of Spring, her beauty has faded ;
Her voice will be heard in soft accents no more,
But she dwells in that land with the pure and the
lovely,

Where sorrow, and sighing, and anguish
are o'er.

Ah ! fain would I roam in those bright realms of
glory,

Where thousands are singing the anthem of
Love,—

Oh, gladly I'd lisp the soft notes of pure Freedom,

• And join with the ransomed in heaven above.

But the thralldom of earth awhile shall detain me,

Ere the spirit will throw off its chains and be free;

Yet the time is soon coming—I long to behold it,

When I shall return, oh, my loved one, to thee.



ENTERPRISE.



What called Columbus o'er the sea,
And nerved his skilful hand,
When gentle gales urged on his bark
Far from his native land ?
But when the angry tempest rose
Beneath a frowning sky,
What bade him give the stern command
When none but foes were nigh ?
Enterprise.

What caused that cheerless pilgrim band
To leave their eastern home,
And brave the ocean's wildest blasts
Where few had dared to roam ?

What caused them here on Plymouth's strand,
To seek a wild repose,
And make their lowly couch amid
December's drifting snows?

Enterprise.

What caused proud Freedom's flag to wave
Along our eastern shores,
Where winds of Winter sweep the strand,
And ocean wildly roars?
And O, what told our fathers then
To raise that banner high,
And ask of Him for proper aid
Who reigns above the sky?

Enterprise.



THE CONVICT'S SONG.



How slowly pass these lonely hours,
Away from sunlight, birds or flowers,
In this dark cell ;
But ere another year shall pass
All will be well.

How oft my thoughts will wildly roam
Back to my childhood's sunny home,
And there survey
Those hills, and dales, and fields, where oft
I used to stray.

My former home, where shady trees
Were fanned by every summer breeze,
I now behold ;
And all my friends are still the same,
Though growing old.

When crime had led me far astray,
My little sister, mild and gay,
Climbed on my knee,
And round me threw her tiny arms,
Saying " Be free."

" Spurn, brother, spurn temptation's chain,
Nor yield thyself to sin again,
But heed to me ;
And let thy vicious playmates go—
Brother, be free."

Years passed, and in the course of time
I deeper sunk in woe and crime ;
And now behold
My wasting frame in this lone cell,
All dark and cold.

Men pass my window every day,
And on the hillside children play,
All light and free ;
But no kind heart beats true to mine,
Or pities me.

A sister's tears were shed for me,
But she now dwells where all are free
As mountain air ;
Oh ! may I leave this prison house,
And meet her there !



MOUNT AUBURN.



Here many a way-worn pilgrim sleeps,
Beneath the lofty willow's lowly shade,
Where, when the all-inspiring gales of Spring
Sweep gently o'er this "City of the dead,"
New flowerets smile on every grassy sod
That marks the long-forgotten stranger's grave.
No marble marks his final place of rest,
Or tells the passer-by his humble name ;
Born in a sunny clime where friendship smiled,
His early years were spent at pleasure's shrine,
Where thousands go unconscious of their fate.
Days, months and years had swiftly passed away,
And he, ere time had marked his brow with age,
Was stricken with the hand of fell disease,

And poverty, with all its horrors, came
To blast all his sanguine hopes forever.
He left his native land, his early home,
So fondly cherished in his youthful days,
And crossed the broad Atlantic's boisterous tide
To dwell a stranger on Columbia's soil ;
Another clime brought not the bloom of health,
But all the terrors of despair and death,
No friend beheld his lingering hopes depart,
Or saw life's fading taper dimly burn,
But strangers stood around his dying bed
Till life's last pang was o'er. And here amid
These sheltering trees, far from the city's din,
A stranger sleeps, entombed by stranger hands,
Far from his childhood's happy home, and where
No kindred spirit e'er will linger near,
Or o'er his grave shed Pity's manly tear.



FAINT NOT.



I have roamed across the ocean,
And have met on foreign soil,
Men with motives pure and holy,
Doomed by fate to ceaseless toil.
I have watched their onward progress,
'Mid the gay and busy throng;
And have seen them meekly bending
'Neath the weight of cruel wrong.

Taunts and jeers were hurled about them,
By a haughty, soulless clan;
Yet not one could claim the honor,
Or the title of a MAN.

Thus the kind and noble hearted
Oft are doomed to meet with scorn,
And be ever forced to wander
Through the world—alone—forlorn.

I have seen the lowly menial
Don the plume of self-control,
And on life's broad sea of action
Reach the Statesman's lofty goal.
Oh! if men would set in motion
All those powers which they possess,
Ours would be a life of pleasure—
Earth a scene of happiness.

Let us not grow faint or weary,
But the watchword, 'ONWARD,' claim,
And declare with meaning firmness
That we'll win a mighty name.
Then around us darts of falsehood
May with madness oft be hurled,
But if *we* are firm and steadfast,
They will not o'erturn the world.

MY ANNA.



O, let me roam at morn's bright dawning,
Where yon sighing willows wave ;
O, let me view that spot I cherish,
'Tis my little Anna's grave.

There the rose shall spring and blossom
'Mid the gentle gales of spring,
And there be heard at latest twilight,
Happy birds, of golden wing.

There shall pretty flowers be planted—
Flowers that smile where streamlets lave ;
There I'll shed the tear of anguish
O'er my little Anna's grave.

APRIL.



O come, with all thy genial warmth,
And loose the icy chain
That binds, with iron grasp, the stream
In sullen Winter's reign.

Bid every murmuring streamlet flow,
Unlock the crystal spring ;
Let flowerets bloom in every vale
And songsters sweetly sing.

O let thy gentle showers descend,
Thy balmy zephyrs blow,
And early verdure crown the fields
So lately clad in snow.

TO AN ITALIAN EMIGRANT.



Why dost thou roam in this strange land
Where pitying friends are few?
Why hast thou left thy sunny home
These western hills to view?

Perhaps thy friends have proved untrue,
Thy fondest hopes decayed,
And all the brightest smiles of youth
Are now in ruin laid.

If sorrow lurks around thy heart,
Or pain thy bosom chills,
Thou'lt find no balm to heal the wound
On these New England hills.

I ONCE HAD A FRIEND.



I once had a friend, in the morning of life,
Whose fondest affections were mingled with
mine,
Whose heart was as light as the fawn's in the
wildwood,
Whose smile was a charm, and whose love was
divine.

No sorrow came o'er me without one to share it,
And light the dark moments of life with a
smile,
Or call back the glory of scenes long forgotten,
As we roamed through the forest, the hour to
beguile.

I gazed not alone on the beauties of Summer,
Or the sad hours of Autumn, when forest leaves
fall ;
But amid all the scenes of decay and destruction,
The charm of pure friendship gave beauty to all.



WILT THOU BE TRUE TO ME?



When the blight of years comes o'er me,
And life's sands are ebbing fast ;
When the joys of youth have faded,
And my better days have passed,—
Say, dearest, wilt thou then forget
The plighted vows of youth,
And turn away regardless of
Thy former love of truth ?

When my journey here is ended,
And the pulse of life beats low ;
When I hear the "stern voice" saying,
"Death has come and you must go,"—

Wilt thou then be ever faithful
'Till the soul from earth shall flee,
And I gaze on things celestial,
Where the spirit will be free ?



MOONLIGHT.



When the sun's last ray has faded,
And the shades of night appear,
Let me wander through the forest,
When the autumn leaf is sere ;
Gazing through the lofty branches
Into regions far away,
There with joy replete, beholding
Luna's soft and silver ray.

Oh ! I love to roam by moonlight
Where bright streamlets idly lave ;
Or beside the dark blue ocean,
When the tempests madly rave ;

Or upon the sloping hillside,
Or along the flow'ry plain,
When the night-bird e'er is singing
In a soft and lonely strain.

Though all nature may be shaded
By the sable pall of night ;
Though the day-king may have left us,
With his clear and golden light ;
There are charms that please me ever,
Like the dream of youth's fair day ;
'Tis to watch the stars at midnight,
Or the moon's bright silver ray.



THE DAWN OF THE NEW YEAR.



Again we hail, with brightening hopes,
While Winter reigns severe,
The orient light that dons the sky
To usher in the year.

The scenes of forty-eight are gone,
And many hearts like mine
Are glad to welcome in the dawn
Of eighteen-forty-nine.

Let none be sad, or shed a tear
Above the old year's grave,
But let its memory pass away
Like ocean's darkest wave.

Let all its sorrows be forgot,
Its pleasant scenes pass by,
And future prospects lead the mind
Where *truth* and *virtue* lie.

Jan. 1st. 1849.



MY HAIR IS GROWING GREY.



I have lived 'mid strife and folly,
In a world that's full of woe ;
I have learned that all things earthly
Soon must vanish here below.
I have seen the hour of sadness,
And I've known a happy day ;
But my years are swiftly passing,
And my hair is growing grey.

I have met with vague pretension—
Cunning friends, and willing foes ;
And I've learned with tears and sadness
How this world with poor men goes.

I have dwelt where all were strangers,
From my home far, far away ;
I have met the scorn of thousands,
And my hair is growing grey.

Mine has been a life of labor,
'Mid a cold and heartless throng ;
Hope my spirit scarce has greeted,
Or bright visions lasted long.
But the star of youth is fading
With its soft and gentle ray ;
All my better years have ended,
And my hair is growing grey.



TRUTH.



Life has its cares and scenes of woe,
For every wanderer here ;
Yet through the darkness shines a light,
With steady ray, and clear.

It safely guides the pilgrim on,
Though storms and tempests roar,
And points to brighter, fairer climes,
On some far distant shore.

It lures the heart with no false dreams,
Nor vain illusions given,
But tells a fallen, erring race,
There is no hope but Heaven.

'Tis Truth ! the wise man's only shield—
The motto of the brave—
A star that leads the traveller on
To realms beyond the grave !



MY SISTER'S GRAVE.



The moon was setting in the west,
 'Mid clouds of pearly hue ;
The stars sent down a silver light,
 That sparkled on the dew.

No breezes came to sing their dirge,
 Among the forest trees ;
No tempests swept across the sky,
 Or moved the silent seas.

The ocean, like a mirror bright,
 Lay calm as if asleep ;
And all the stars that shone above
 Were mirrored in the deep.

At this lone hour I roamed beside
A river, bright and clear ;
The din of busy men had ceased,
Nor friend nor foe was near.

At length I reached the lone church-yard,
Where I had often strayed,
And o'er the grave of some dear friend,
Had sighed, and wept, and prayed.

Long years had passed since I had seen
That lone and hallowed spot ;
And many names, on marble carved,
I then remembered not.

But one, beside a silver lake,
Then claimed my anxious gaze ;—
'Twas where I oft had strayed at night,
In childhood's better days.

'Twas written on no costly stone
That told its tale of Fame ;
'Twas humble, yet 'twas dear to me,—
It was my Sister's name.

Sleep on, dear Mary, free from care
Or sorrows darksome wave ;
A brother's hand shall nurse the flowers
That bloom around thy grave.

Sleep on, thy cares on earth are o'er,
Thou'rt free from every pain ;
And we shall meet in realms of bliss,
Oh ! fondly meet again.



WHERE I LAST STRAYED WITH THEE.



What though I roam in distant lands
Far o'er the dark blue wave,
Where orient breezes softly sweep
And cooling waters lave,
My thoughts on fancy's giddy wing
Will soar above the sea,
And to my native hills return,
Where I last strayed with thee.

Ah ! well I recollect that spot
Beneath the leafy shade,
Where friendly words were interchanged,
And solemn vows were made.

That place to me is *more* than dear ;
And oft in dreams I see
The woodland rose beside that stream,
Where I last strayed with thee.



THINK NOT OF ME.



My heart is locked within my breast,
Its throbbings all are still ;
It has no object here on earth,
No mission to fulfill.
Then turn away, thou friend of mine,
And once again be free ;
With others let thy love be shared—
Think not again of me.

Go ye among the proud, the gay,
And revel in their mirth,
But oh ! forget that you and I
Have ever met on earth.

My soul can ne'er be linked with thine,
My heart beats not for thee ;
With others let thy love be shared—
Think not again of me.



THE LAST MOMENTS OF A DRUNKARD.



The children played upon the green
 Around the cottage door,
While on his couch, a drunkard lay,
 Whose life was almost o'er.
His wife was watching by his side,
 With sad and tearful eye ;
She wept to think that one so young
 Should thus be doomed to die.

Few years had passed since he had vowed
 To cherish and protect
The one who watched beside him then,
 Bowed down by sad neglect.

His future prospects then were bright,
And Hope's delusive ray
Declared that one so wise as he
Would never go astray.

But he was lured by guilty men,
And led from Virtue's way ;
The drunkard-maker turned his course—
He could not but obey.
Then let us all, with one accord,
The right and power assume,
And with united voice declare
The drunkard-maker's doom.



THE LOVER'S APPEAL.



The flowers are springing on the moor
Where the lonely wild-bee strays ;
The birds are pouring forth their song,
List ye, list ye to their lays.
Would you like this shady forest
Where the pine and fir-trees wave ?
Would you like to roam at noonday
Where the crystal waters lave ?
Then share thy lot with me, love,
Then share thy lot with me.

Would you view the works of Nature
With a clear discerning mind ?
Would you like to muse in silence
Leaving all the world behind ?
Can you see on yonder hill-top
Where the brightest beauties lie—
Where the earth with modest grandeur
Rises up to kiss the sky ?
Then share thy lot with me, love,
Then share thy lot with me.



SING TO ME.



Oh ! sing of childhood's brightest hours,
When all seemed fair and gay ;
While round our pathway Friendship shed
Its soft and gentle ray.
Sing of the hours we oft have spent
Beside the starlit sea,
When scarce a ripple could be seen—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

Sing of the places where we strayed,
Far from the walks of men ;
For hope shone brightly on our path,
And all was pleasant then.

Sing of the forest, dark and wild ;
Beneath its shade we see
The spot where first in youth we met—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

Sing of the streamlet's merry flow—
Its banks all strewed with flowers,
Where we have spent, at close of day,
So many happy hours.
Sing of the meadows, green and fair,
With tall grass waving free
When Spring's soft breeze was sighing there—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

Sing of those days, ere grief or care
Had dared their darts to hurl,
Or bring one thought of sadness o'er
A merry, bright-eyed girl.
Sing of those days, ere we had known
How false the world could be,
Or ere we knew what time would bring—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

Sing of the moon's pale beams that shone
Among the forest trees,
While we enjoyed each passing hour,
In better days than these.
Sing of thine own fond, artless smile,
Ere time had claimed of thee
That beauty which bedecked thy brow—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

Sing of the ocean's midnight wail,
When foaming waves run high ;
And misty clouds, with sable hue,
Flit o'er the azure sky.
Sing of the lonely sailor boy
Who rides upon the sea,
And only *dreams* of home and friends—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

Sing of our school-days, when at morn
We gaily sped our way,
Through fields and forests, all made bright,
By Sol's refulgent ray.

Sing of those friends we often met,
Beneath some shady tree,
And gladly heard their merry songs—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

Sing of the homestead, where at eve,
When flowers were all in bloom,
Pale Luna's rays peered through the trees
And danced about the room.
Sing of its halls, now desolate,
Though once lit up with glee,
When merry hearts were gathered there—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

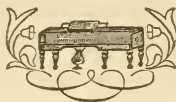
Sing of the hearth-stone, Lizzie dear,
Though years of toil and care,
Have passed away since near that spot
We knelt in fervent prayer.
Those were the brightest days I ween
That we shall ever see,
For all our former joys are past—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

Sing of those friends we early loved,
When our young hearts were gay,
Who now are sleeping silently
In climes far, far away.
Sing of the church-yard's lone retreat
Where waves the willow tree
Above the dark and silent tomb—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

Sing of my loneliness to-day,
While far away I roam,
From all those cherished ties that bind
My heart to childhood's home.
Sing me a song to lure my soul
From visions dark to see,
For they can only make me sad—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.

I'm weary of this world of care,
Its sorrow and its woe,
And need some gentle friend to soothe
My spirit here below.

Then raise your soft, melodious voice,
In accents mild and free,
And drive the cares of earth away—
Dear Lizzie, sing to me.



PART SECOND.

NO POWER CAN CHAIN THE MIND.



These words are heard among the hills,
They echo o'er the lea ;
Their voice is known in foreign climes,
And on the broad blue sea.

We need no pilot, helm, or chart,
Or skillful hand to find
That ever safe and well known shore,
Where none can chain the mind.

'Tis here on these New England hills,
And on her flinty shore,
That Freedom raised her banner high,
In spite of foreign power.

'Tis here the free man—once a slave,
His history can tell,
And call to mind the very hour
His chains and shackles fell.

The slave that roams the dismal swamps,
With foes in chase behind,
Might be consoled with this proud thought,
That none can chain the mind.

The cunning priest, or man of state,
Need not conspire to blind,
For every generous heart well knows
That none can chain the mind.

What though for truth, or conscience's sake,
In dungeons dark confined,
We linger out our weary life?
There's none can chain the mind.

Let kings and princes rule the land,
Or chains and fetters bind,
The aspiring soul will brave them all,
No power can chain the mind!

THE CAGED BIRD.

—::—

Alone, within a treacherous, wiry cell,
That swung beneath a lordly tyrant's hall
Sat a small, delicate Canary bird,
Listening to the sweet-toned voice of Nature.
As the winds crept idly through the lattice,
Waving the snow-white curtain on the wall,
The warbler raised its tiny voice and sang :—

“ Life to me is dark and dreary
E'en within this gothic hall ;
Moments pass like years before me,
Bearing onward Slavery's pall.

Winds may waft the spicy odors
From my home far o'er the sea,
But a whisper lingers near me—
' Gentle bird thou art not free.'

Summer birds may sing with gladness
Where bright flowers spring o'er the lea,—
I shall ne'er be called to wander,
They are strangers all to me.

But stern Death is fast approaching,
Oh ! that hour I long to see !
Let these be my last words spoken—
' Sorrow ends and I am FREE !' ”



BE KIND.



Scorn not the man who asks for bread,
Nor drive him from your door,
But think that fortune yet may frown,
And you, yourself, be poor.

With friendship treat the poor man's child,
And check the falling tear ;—
His soul will echo back the voice
Of kindness to your ear.

Seek every place where sorrow dwells,
In cot, or festive hall,
And with a kind and generous smile
Promote the joy of all.

From him who kindly seeks your aid,
O turn not thou away ;
But o'er his brow in silence fling
Compassion's genial ray.

Let not the power of wealth destroy
The sympathizing mind,
Nor Nature's noblest voice be hushed,
Which says to all—BE KIND.



THE MANIAC'S SONG.

—:—

I'll love no more !
My happiest thoughts are blighted,
My joys are o'er,
And future prospects all seem drear—
The present lost—
Hope's glorious star benighted,
And the chill frost
Of disappointment lingers here.

Ah, yes, 'tis here
Within this saddened heart of mine
That all is sere ;
E'en the loveliest charms of youth

No more are known,
And not a gem that used to shine
I dare to own,
For all are strangers to the truth !

All are estranged !
E'en those I knew in early days,
Rude Time has changed
And looks of scorn are creeping o'er
The once fair brow,
To darken Friendship's brightest rays,
And tell me how
To live aright, and love no more !



MY EARLY HOME.



I long to see my early home,
Where I in childhood strayed
Beside the dark and lonely streams,
Far in the forest shade.

I long to see that little cot
Beside the purling rill,
Where first I breathed the mountain air
When all was lone and still.

I long to see the village green,
Where all was light and gay,
When 'neath the willow's ample shade
I saw my friends at play.

I long to see that ancient oak
That waved its branches high,
And bade defiance to the wind
When storms went sweeping by.

I long to see the friends of youth
Who shared my childish play,
But memory tells the mournful tale—
They all have passed away!



WHAT I LOVE.



I love to gaze upon the flowers
That bloom at early spring,
And listen to the swelling notes
That through the forests ring.
Ah ! these will cheer the wanderer
Along life's crowded aisle,
And on the brow where sorrow dwells
Will plant a cheerful smile.

I love to linger near the stream
That flows in yonder vale,
To catch the rushing water's sound
When borne upon the gale

On yonder hill-side's rocky steep,
Where foaming torrents run
And rainbow hues adorn the spray
That glitters in the sun.

I love to wander o'er the fields
When Nature makes them gay,
When flowers are spread profusely round
As in the Month of May,
To hear the breeze that gently sweeps
The streamlet and the glen,
And murmurs softly o'er the hills
And round the haunts of men.

I love to roam at close of day
Near yonder river's side,
Where flowers that bloom beneath my feet
Have drank the swelling tide.
There last I met a cherished friend
And there these words were given,
"If we must meet no more on earth,
Oh! may we meet in Heaven!"

LINES

Respectfully inscribed to one who will understand them.

We met beside a gentle stream
Where sparkling waters play,
Amid thine own Green-mountain home,
Four years ago to-day.

Our young hearts then had never felt
Misfortune's mighty sway,
Or known the darker hours of life,
Four years ago to-day.

Although thy voice had often turned
The tide of care away,
It seemed like some strange tone to me,
Four years ago to-day.

We met—but thy faint heart had turned
From promised joys away,
And scornful looks stole o'er thy brow,
Four years ago to-day.

The brightest hopes my youth had known
Then lost their genial ray,
And o'er my soul sad musings came,
Four years ago to-day.

What though I stray in foreign climes,
Far, far from thee away,
I'll oft recall those scenes I knew,
Four years ago to-day.

Nov. 3, 1849.



ALL ARE FALSE.



Sparkling eyes will sure deceive us,
When we seek for friendship rare ;
Smiling faces mock our sadness,
E'en when whelmed with grief and care.

Gentle looks are all pretension,
Lovers' sighs are always feigned ;
All are grasping after something,
None their object ever gained.

No man lives to please another,
None can sate their own desires ;
Each one counteracts his neighbor,
All have fanned dark passion's fires.

Things far off will shine the brightest,
Haughty looks are most admired ;
Dandies are esteemed the highest,
Modest worth is not desired.

He who dons the latest fashion,
And admires the sparkling wine,
Will ever meet with signal favor,
And is just the “boy” to “shine!”



BE NOT DISCOURAGED.



Be not discouraged ; time will bring
A brighter, happier scene,
When Sorrow's shade shall pass away
And sunshine intervene.

Man was not made to drown his hopes
In Disappointments tide,
Nor view the darker side of life
And all its pleasures hide.

Ah, no, his mind should ever soar
Above the ills of life,
Nor stoop to dwell on worldly things,
'Mid sorrow, sin and strife.

Let none look back on darker years,
Where Hope's lone star had set ;
But let us e'er pursue the right,
And all the wrong forget.

Let none despair, for brighter hours
Will surely come at last,
And thousands yet will hail the day
When sorrowing scenes are past.



THE EXILE'S LAMENT.



When wintry winds are rushing by
O'er mountain, hill and dale,
And clouds of darkness swiftly rise
The starry sky to veil,
I sit beside the cottage hearth
Where'er my lot is cast,
And often breathe a long-drawn sigh
When musing on the past.

The scene has changed since I in youth
Sat near my father's door,
While friendship beamed serenely bright,
In those good days of yore.

Then not a furrow could be traced
Upon my youthful brow,
And sorrow ne'er had hurled its dart
To lay my pleasures low.

Care-worn and weary now I roam
O'er earth and on the sea,
And when the smile of friendship glows
There's none, there's none for me ;
But soon my sorrows will be o'er
And none for me will sigh,
No friend will mark the humble spot
Where I may chance to lie !



I'LL THINK OF THEE.



When flowers are blooming bright and fair
Beneath a calm New England sky.
And sighing zephyrs sweep along
Where ocean's stilly waters lie,
I'll think of thee.

When autumn winds begin to moan
With solemn cadence o'er the hills,
And fallen leaves are floating by,
Urged on by storms and swollen rills,
I'll think of thee.

When wintry blasts rush rudely on
And ice-bound streams refuse to flow,
Although fond memory scarce can trace
Those things that were ten years ago,
I'll think of thee.

When age shall fling its silver chain
Unbidden o'er my care-worn brow,
I'll think of youth's remotest hours,
The love-lit eye, the smile, the vow—
I'll think of thee.



THE LITTLE RILL.



Beside my father's humble cot,
In yon romantic glen,
A little streamlet gently flowed
Through vale and mossy fen.

Beside that little crystal stream
Where sparkling waters lave,
I've often strayed at close of day
To watch the restless wave.

The wild bee's hum—the warbler's note—
The water's rippling sound,
All joined in one delightful tone,
While zephyrs sighed around.

There Meditation's welcome aid
Has cheered my darkest days,
And taught the Muse, with golden wand,
To mark my rustic lays.

Flow on, flow on thou gentle rill,
I've wandered far away,
And never more expect to roam
Where thy bright waters play !



TO A FRIEND IN ROME.



Though many years have passed away
Since last in youth we met,
Remembrance brings those moments back,
Replete with pleasure yet.

'Tis sweet to muse o'er past events,
And scenes of childish glee,
When we enjoyed the festal hour,
Beneath some sheltering tree.

Our moments then were free from care,
Our years passed swiftly by ;
No sorrowing season marked our way,
We knew not how to sigh.

But time has found us far away
From all the joys of home ;
I, 'mid New England's sunny hills,
And you, in ancient Rome.

Perchance you meet with kindred hearts
In that far distant clime,
But still thy native land hath charms,
Made dear by lapse of time.

Then let us, at some future hour,
When age comes stealing on,
Return to Home's endearing bower,
And call our journey done.



MEMORY.



When sorrow swells the tide of woe,
And earthly joys depart,
There is one spark of comfort left
To charm the weary heart.

It points to hours of youthful glee,
When life had just begun,—
Ere we had walked forbidden paths
Or evil deeds had done.

It tells of friends—of early friends
Who lie beneath the sod ;
It tells of those who long have slept
Where ancient forests nod.

With joy the exile hears its voice
Where'er he's called to roam,
And all his thoughts of sadness fly
When MEMORY tells of home.



STANZAS TO DEERFIELD RIVER.



Along thy verdant banks I've often strayed,
And gazed with rapture on thy peaceful tide
That slowly flows with solemn grandeur on
To meet the ocean's bosom, deep and wide,
Where waves contend with waves, and tempests
 roar
With sullen voice, along the rocky shore.

In early youth I've wandered by thy side
And culled the vernal flowers that round me
 smiled,
With none to share my undisturbed repose,
Or hear the faint wind's murmuring wild,
That swept along thy surface, bright and clear,
With plaintive sound, to me forever dear.

WINTER.



The cold blasts o'er the meadows sweep,
The snow shines on the hill ;
December's chilly breath has staid
The flowing of the rill.

The birds are gone that used to sing
At Summer's evening hour ;
They've found a fairer, brighter clime,
'Mid some unfading bower.

The rose that grew beside the brook,
Whose waters wildly stray,
Has faded 'neath the autumn winds,
And long since died away.

The leaves that clothed the forest trees
Lie scattered on the ground,
And every gently flowing stream
In icy chains is bound.



FEBRUARY.



Drear month ! although thy days are few,
 Their stern approach we fear,
And shudder, as thy winds rush by,
 At this dread time of year.

The silvery streams have oft been bound
 Beneath thy frozen chain,
And, scanning future by the past,
 We fear thy strength again.

Thou hast no charms to warm the heart,
 No flowers to please the eye ;
But sleet and snow, with magic power,
 Around our dwellings fly.

TO THE FIRST BIRD OF SPRING.



Return, return once more and sing,
With pleasing notes the dawn of Spring,
And let your music fill the grove
Where I at morn may chance to rove.
Return with all your wonted glee
And tune your lyre once more for me—
For *all* who love the sweetest strains
That ever murmured o'er the plains.

I'll wander forth at close of day,
To hear thy soul-inspiring lay,
That fills the ever-verdant shade
Where all my early hopes are laid !

A SUMMER'S EVENING.



The birds have ceased their merry song
To wait the morrow's dawn,
When, newly tuned, their harps will ring,
O'er mountain, hill and lawn.

The dew-drops sparkle on the green,
Beside the moonlit sea ;
The fox is heard on yonder hill,
The cricket on the lea.

The fire-fly lingers near the banks
Of yonder purling stream ;
The stars with all their brilliant light
High o'er the waters gleam.

Ah, let me roam at this still hour
Where western breezes blow —
Where sighing branches o'er me bend,
And streamlets round me flow.



BEWARE OF RUM.



Beware of Rum ! O, youth beware,
And shun the path of woe ;
Nor let your footsteps wander near
Where drunkards often go.

Beware of all that bears the name
Of brandy, beer, or gin,
And never touch the sparkling bowl,
For sorrow lurks within.

Beware of Rum in *all* its forms,
And scorn the vender's smiles ;
His traffic tends to feed the grave
And snare thee in its wiles !

EARLY FRIENDS.



Where are the friends of early youth,
Or childhood's sunny days,
Who gathered round the cottage hearth
To chant their merry lays,
Or tell of wondrous deeds achieved
On Afric's barb'rous strand,
Or who triumphant braved the storm
In quest of foreign land ?

Where are the friends for whom I weep
At twilight's silent hour—
Those friends with whom in youth I strayed
Beneath yon mystic bower ?

They sleep in yonder lonely glen
Where gentle zephyrs sigh ;
Stranger ! tread lightly as you pass
Where those fond relics lie !

Some sleep beneath a southern sun
Where they in youth have strayed ;
The grassy mound points out the place
Where they were early laid :
No sculptured marble marks the spot,
No willows o'er it wave,
But winds of autumn faintly sigh
Around a stranger's grave !



SMILES.



Smiles are like dew-drops in the sun
That glitter while they stay,
But one unkind, ungenerous word,
Will drive the charm away.

In youth's gay hour a gentle smile
Stole o'er my sunny brow,
But Hope's delusive dream has laid
My fairest prospects low.

Alas! those smiles of youth are o'er,
Those joyous days gone by;
Why then remain at sorrow's shrine,
Or o'er misfortune sigh?

No, let us brave the whirlwind's shock,
The storms of passion dare,
And let our years glide gently on
Unknown to earthly care.



TO THE MEMORY OF M. A. S.



For her so fondly loved,
Who now in silence sleeps
Beneath the valley's clod,
An aged mother weeps.

She's left this world of woe
Where strife may never cease,
And now in brighter realms
Will dwell in endless peace.

She's gone beyond the tomb,
No more to breathe a sigh,
But share a Savior's love
Where saints can never die.

She died in bloom of youth,
In yonder grave she sleeps ;
And o'er that sacred shrine
An aged mother weeps.



TO A RIVER.



Flow on, thou bright river, where once I did roam,
When wandering far from the place of my home,
And through the dark forest was seeking my way,
Where birds sweetly sang at the close of the day.

Flow on, thou bright river, beneath the green shade
Where oft in my youth I so fondly have strayed,
Where friends that I loved, I so often have seen,
Beside thy bright waters, on meadows of green.

Flow on, thou bright river, my youth is now o'er,
I sport by thy side with sweet pleasure no more ;
Thy banks that were green, and thy waters so clear,
Of thee I will sing, while I shed the sad tear.

LINES

Sung at the Annual Festival of the Ladies' Sewing Society, in New
Worcester, Oct. 3d, 1850.

The robes of Summer now are tinged
With Autumn's loveliest hue,
And falling leaves, and withering flowers,
Are wont to meet our view ;
But this should never turn our thoughts
From pleasant scenes away,
When Autumn has its charms for all,
The sober and the gay.

We meet again within these walls,
Where one short year ago
The voice of mirth was gladly raised,
Without a thought of woe ;

And now, where flowers and dahlias bloom,
Earth's richest, rarest pearls —
Our hearts are cheered to meet again,
Our own New Worcester girls.

Let others boast of happy hours,
Of seasons rich and rare,
Of costly gems and stately domes,
And friends to banish care ;
But we have treasures nobler far
Than those of Lords or Earls —
They mingle with us here to-night —
Our own New Worcester girls.



TO A FRIEND.



I'll ever remember thee, friend of my youth
Though tempests assail me wherever I go ;
 And when I'm alone,
 Far, far from my home,
On land, or the white-crested, billowy tide,
To think of thee, friend, will be pleasure and pride.

In days of prosperity, comfort and glee,
I cannot forget that I once had a friend,
 Who stood by my side
 And danger defied —
Who led me with caution along the dark way,
Where many in childhood have wandered astray.

When sickness and pain shall enfeeble my mind,
And Death shall seem ready to strike the last blow,
My thoughts will return
To Memory's urn
Where all my loved treasures are carefully stored,
And *thou*, my best friend, shalt in death be adored.



STANZAS.



Let me sleep in the vale, where the lily and rose
Are smiling in beauty beside the dark wave,
While the soft winds of Summer, with murmuring
 sound,
Sweep listlessly over my grass covered grave.

Let Friendship alone sit beneath the green willow,
Unaided by Fortune, unguided by Fame,
And breathe forth the simplest prayer of devotion
That blighted affection in sorrow can frame.

LOVE.



Love is a charm that best is known
When friends are called to part ;
'Tis then this pure and genial tie
Clings closely to the heart.

'Tis known amid the wildest storms
That sweep the ocean's wave ;
It cheers the pilgrim on his way,
And lingers near his grave.

It roams in fancy o'er the sea,
Where kindred souls have fled,
And sighs beneath the cypress branch
That waves above the dead.

It smiles within the poor man's cot
Where no vain treasures lie,
And greets him at the close of day
When winds of winter sigh !



THE DRUNKARD.



Drunkard ! arise with manly strength
And cast the bowl away ;
Then tell your comrades how to spurn
The demon tempter's sway.

Tell them their course will lead them on,
Where thorns and brambles grow ;
And ere their life is scarce begun,
They'll in the grave lay low.

Tell them to turn from beer-shop friends
And brandy-guzzlers too,
And bid their rum-soaked cronies all
A kind, but last adieu.

Tell them to drink from Nature's spring,
Where silvery waters gleam ;
And Fortune's smile will lead them safe
O'er Life's tempestuous stream !



A TRUE FRIEND.



I have met with the gay and the proud
Where fashion and know-nothing blend ;
I've seen rank deception in women and men,
But I never have seen a *true* friend.

Long have I looked for one I might trust
Whose heart would prove true to the end,—
They smile when the sun shines, but dark moments
come,
And I find I have not a *true* friend.

No more will I seek for this phantom,
No more 'neath its weight will I bend ;
I've come to the awful conclusion at last
That earth contains not a *true* friend !



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